

FAMILY HISTORY

HISTORY OF AGNES WATSON ** (from information obtained by Hazel Lindsay Giles--Daughter)

Agnes Watson was born 25 August 1852 of James Watson and Janet Campbell in Lochgelley, Fifeshire, Scotland. She was fourth child of the family. When she was 3 years of age her family started for America on the ship "Samuel Curling" (1855). Little Agnes came down with the small pox while on the ocean. The captain of the ship put her, with her father and a friend to take care of her, in a small room in the hold of the ship. She was a very sick baby but did survive but her baby sister contracted the disease and died shortly after arriving in Pennsylvania. The family lived and worked in Jessup, Pennsylvania for about 3 years to earn enough money to continue the Journey to Utah. Her oldest brother Thomas was killed by a coal tram car before the family left Jessup. The family left Pennsylvania for Illinois where they again worked in coal mines to get an outfit to cross the plains. They left Illinois in the fall of 1861 and joined the William Asper Company to cross the plains. They arrived in Heber, Utah early in October of 1861.

Agnes Watson spent her girlhood in Heber helping her father and mother with the farm work. When she decided to get married she went to Salt Lake City to find work. She obtained a job as a servant in the home of Brigham Young Jr. I have often heard her tell of the experiences she had in the Young household. She lived with this family for eight months, then returned to Heber to prepare for her marriage. About Jan. 7, 1871 she and James Lindsay left Heber for Salt Lake City to be married. We have often teased her about leaving alone with father on such a long journey. Father had a good team of horses and wagon and they went as far as a road house near Lambs Canyon in Parley's Canyon, stayed there over night, then went on to Salt Lake City where they were married in the Endowment House on Jan. 9, 1871. The next night was also spent in Lamb's Canyon, and then returned home the next day. They were trying to beat a

but the faithful horses brought them safely home.

During My life which began in 1890, mother worked hard to raise her family. Father was away from home a good deal of the time and the responsibility of managing the farm and children was a good sized job. She not only did this but was a good practical nurse and was called at all hours of the day and night to help in cases of sickness and accidents. Many times when morning came mother would not be there making hot biscuits for our breakfast, but would have gone to someone's call for help in the night. She had taught us well in the art of home-making and we could carry on until she returned. She was also a good dressmaker and sewed for all the folks in town. On holidays especially the 4th of July, we were up at dawn, dressed in our pretty new dresses, (She always dressed Gladys and I alike) and into the wagon and away we went with prancing horses to see the parade and celebration in Heber. It wasn't only her own children that were taken but others whose parents didn't put forth the effort to get them ready and there. I remember once a circus came to town and we planned on going. Mother knew some children without shoes or money to take them. I had been off playing and was a little late getting home to get ready. When I looked for my Sunday shoes, they were gone. Mother said, "You should have been home earlier, I have loaned them to some other girl. If you had been home she could have taken the ones you now will have to wear."

Mother knit hundreds of yards of lace and gave it all away. As long as State and County Fairs were held, she had exhibits of lace, embroidery and quilts, that brought her many blue ribbons.

When Gladys and I were young, father did a great deal of canyon work. We had the chores at home to do. Sometimes he would be long after dark getting home. We would milk and care for the cows, feed the

FAMILY HISTORY

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the horses. Mother would have our supper ready, we would eat and place father's dinner on the back of the stove to keep it ~~was~~. We would wait a little then start out to walk to meet him. Sometimes we would go more than a mile. Have you ever listened to wagon wheels bumping over a rocky road on a beautiful moonlit night? It was sure music to our ears, because we were certain it was ^WPA coming on his load of wood or lumber. Then we met him we would climb on the load to ride home, thankful that ^{he} he had returned safely.

Mother and father lived in Center Creek for fifty years before leaving the hard work on the farm they loved so well and the people that meant so much to them. They lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to anyone that happened by. Mother spent ^{about 1927} 18 years in fever before her death August 1, 1940. Father died October 27, 1938, less than two years before. They had 67 years of married life.

Ten children were born to this couple, one died as an infant, the others grew to maturity and raised large families of their own.

Poem to Agnes Lindsay on her birthday August 25, 1931

by Mrs. Chas. McPhie

Again we meet in the same old way,
to greet Aunt Aggie on her birthday.
Your friends gather from far and near
to wish you joy and lots of cheer.

Though you've reached the age of seventy nine
Still you're well and feeling fine
Able to do your work and sewing as well
The quilts that you make surely are swell.

And the beautiful doilies and lace so neat
I know there's no young girl can beat
And the yards and yards you have given away,
How many I wouldn't venture to say.

You've raised a good family of seven girls and two sons
With the exception of Jim they are near you every one
To help cheer and bless you day by day
Now you are growing old and your hair is gray.
Uncle Jim also has worked hard indeed

In grubbing the sage and planting the seed
That he might provide for his family of nine,
To do this it kept him real busy all the time.

We hope when next year rolls around
With Uncle Jim near you, here you'll be found
In this lovely valley out here in the west

In your own cozy home with the ones you love best.

